

A Tragical BALLAD, Of the Unfortunate L O V E S of Lord *THOMAS* and Fair *ELEANOR*; Together with The DOWNFALL of the BROWN GIRL.

LORD Thomas he was a bold forester,
And a chafer of the King's deer:
Fair Eleanor was a fine woman,
And Lord Thomas he loved her dear.
Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, he said,
And riddle us both in one,
Whether I shall marry with fair Eleanor,
And let the Brown Girl alone?
The Brown Girl she has got houses and land,
And fair Eleanor she has got none;
Therefore I charge you on my blessing,
Bring me the Brown Girl home.
And as it befel on a high holyday,
As many more do beside,
Lord Thomas he went to fair Eleanor,
That should have been his bride,
But when he came to fair Eleanor's bower,
He knocked then at the ring:
Then who was so ready as fair Eleanor,
For to let Lord Thomas in.
What news, what news, Lord Thomas, she said?
What news hast thou brought unto me?
I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is bad news for thee.
O God forbid; Lord Thomas, she said,
That such a thing should be done;
I thought to have been thy bride myself,
And thou to have been the bridegroom.
Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, she said,
And riddle it all in one;
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or whether I shall let it alone.



There's many are our friends, daughter,
And many that are our foes;
Therefore I charge you on my blessing,
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go.
There's many that are our friends, mother,
If a thousand were our foes.

Betide me life, betide me death,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go,

She clothed herself in gallant attire,
And her merry men all in green;
And as they rode thro' every place,
The took her to be some Queen.

But when she came to Lord Thomas's gate,
She knocked there at the ring;
And who was so ready as Lord Thomas,
For to let fair Eleanor in.

Is this your bride? fair Eleanor said,
Methinks she looks wonderful Brown;
Thou might'st have had as fair a woman
As ever trod upon the Ground.

Despise her not, Lord Thomas he said,
Despise her not unto me,
For better I love thy little finger,
Than all her whole body.

This Brown Girl had a little pen-knife,
Which was both long and sharp;
And betwixt the short ribs and the long,
She prick'd fair Eleanor to the heart.

O Christ now save me! Lord Thomas he said.
Methink thou look'st wond'rous wan,
Thou used to look with as good colour,
As ever the sun shined on.

O art thou blind, Lord Thomas, she said?
Or can'st thou not very well see?
O dost thou not see my dear heart's blood
Run trickling down my knee.

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side,
As he walked about the hall,
He cut off his bride's head from her shoulders,
And he flung it against the wall.

He sat the hilt against the ground,
And the point against his heart,
There never were three lowers sure,
That sooner did depart.

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